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C L O D I U S,

A P O E M.

ADDRESSED TO

C. CHURCHILL,

AND THE

WRITERS in the Opposition.

By G. T.

Clodius accusat Mæchos.

L O N D O N:

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C L O D I U S.

A P O E M.

YES, Ch-rch-ll's fatires have quite lost their sting,
For Ch-rch-ll's life shame on his fatires bring;
Does Ch-rch-ll mark the debauchee by name?
It's all in vain, for Ch-rch-ll is the same.

SATIRE in virtue's hand may oft prevail,
But in a villain's proves an empty tale;
When both the cause and manager are bad,
Her shafts recoil upon the author's head.
Pope, Addison and Young, are justly priz'd,
For they abhorr'd the crimes they satiriz'd;
The virtues also which their pens enjoin'd,
Enforc'd by action in their lives we find.

A

But

But Ch-rch-ll's deeds run cros to what he writes,
 And conscience lashes while his head indites.
 Great Dryden only thought of being a priest,
 Ch-rch-ll still being one completes the jest ;
 For Ch-rch-ll lately, in fair surplice clad,
 The church's service in St. Marg'ret's read ;
 Then the next night to Venus' temple flew
 With virgin nymph, in spite of marriage vow.
 Learn'd Horace was an Epicure profest,
 But Horace ne'er in holy vestments drest :
 Lewd Ovid never at the altar stood,
 Nor with false heart and lips there mock'd his God.

WOULD Ch-rch-ll use his pen his life to mend,
 Then good effects might Ch-rch-ll's pen attend.
 But when the muse he prostitutes to lies,
 To cover rascals, and abuse the wife,
 To tear the good, the worthy to defame,
 And guiltless modesty hold up to shame,

To

To rankle subjects hearts against their king,
 And wild confusion in the state to bring;
 A king whose goodness too he's forc'd to own,
 While ev'ry virtue blazes round his throne:
 And all for what? why, he will not lay down
 His pow'r to T-mp-le, and to P-tt his crown;
 Presumes some faithful ministers to use,
 Which London mob did not think fit to chuse;
 And won't o'erlook the insults of a rebel,
 Who writ against him a seditious libel.
 Crimes these! unpardonable in a king,
 For subjects ought to rule in ev'ry thing!

WHEN notes so wild the factious Ch-rch-ll learns,
 The name of traytor Ch-rch-ll justly earns;
 When south against the north in fierce debate
 He sets, and swells their breasts with mutual hate,
 For places, pensions, though the laws indite,
 That all in each to any have a right;

Whoops

Whoops west and east together by the ears,
 For tax on cyders, and for tax on beers,
 'Though reason, law, and conscience all declare,
 That both are bound to pay an equal share ;
 In such a case the patriot's name's profan'd,
 And when he takes it is by all disdain'd.

SUCH is our poet's, such is Brooks's trade,
 Blush nature, that such varlet's you have bred ;
 Who Hirco's feign'd amours pretend to chide,
 The better W-lkes's flagrant ones to hide.
 Who S--d--ch' fongs with eager spite reveal,
 W-lkes' blasphemies the closer to conceal ;
 And Gr-n--le, H--l-fax strive to disgrace,
 Whose only fault is, that they are in place ;
 Who T--p--le's and N---c---le's praises shout,
 Whose greatest virtue is that now they're out ;
 Nay W--lkes extol that ne'er was known to have
 Aught to commend him to the wife and grave,
 Or from contempt his character to save ;

}
 Who

Who out of envy to the Scottish name,
Do Scotland's foil, nay Scotland's God defame,
For thus their poets in impious verse blaspheme.

}

— — — — — “ Scotland
“ A Maf which Nature doubted as it lay,
“ Whether to ftamp with Life or throw away;
“ Which, form'd in Hafte, was caft into this Nook,
“ But never enter'd in Creation's Book.”

SHALL mortals weak, the Deity thus upbraid,
And wildly censure what a God has made?
In all his wide domains he nothing plann'd
But what is finish'd with unerring hand;
Look to the earth below, the fpheres above,
What you call blemifhes, he'll beauties prove.
Justice inflexible with goodnefs join'd,
Always direct in his all-perfect mind;
Mighty his arm, his wifdom infinite,
His meafures therefore are for ever right:
This once eftablifh'd, we may leave the reft,
Sure of this truth, what he creates is BEST.

B

Repent

Repent e'er at his awful bar y' appear,
For Pr-t or W-lkes cannot protect you there.

STRANGE! what absurdities your conduct fill,
To blame in others what you practise still.
I only ask one question, tho' uncouth,
Can he who has no principles speak truth?
But want of truth the party will excuse,
If King and Parliament you'll but abuse:
Of Bute and Scotland hatch ten thousand lies,
They'll ask no more, for that all sanctifies;
Each error in the verse they will forgive,
Nay, to write nonsense here and there, give leave:
With you they'll drawl out *the* to double time,
And shame our language for the sake of rhyme;
Yes, '*haviour*, *Roman braves*, *take keep*, let pass,
For which a Scotsman wou'd be call'd an ass;
But here's a full excuse for stuff so gross,
That solid sterling's mix'd with all this dross.
Haste must be pardon'd when the purse is low,
And fools have money ready to bestow,
And priests to stews and brothels want to go.

Call H-ll--d knave, and Gr-v-le puppy dog,
 B-df--d a fury, Eg-r-mont a hog,
 T-l-bot a horse, and Towns-nd selfish tool,
 M-rt-n a dirty fellow, W-l-pole fool;
 No matter whether these are true or false,
 From city mob you'r sure to find applause.
 For eighteen pages of this precious stuff,
 To keep a trull, they'll give you cash enough;
 To swill down ale, to ride in chaise and four,
 Nay, what is more, thro' France to take a tour.
 So dear does scandal sell, (the age's vice)
 While truth and sober reason bear no price.
 For prayers before, poor forty pounds a year,
 For scandal now, they say, five hundred clear;
 No matter what's the trade all sharpers bawl,
 If it brings money, that is all in all.
 Let honesty and conscience be to fools,
 All men of wit despise such vulgar rules.

WHO

Who would not smile, nay laugh outright, to hear
 Ch-rch-ll in doleful notes exprefs his fear,
 That in fome future time he may be led
 To burn for VIRTUE, or to lofe his head :
 Good Ch-rch-ll need not be fo deeply mov'd,
 For virtue on him fure can ne'er be prov'd ;
 This martyr's friends may all fecurely reft,
 Will Ch-rch-ll die for virtue? what a jeft !
 To fuffer for Sedition he might chance,
 But here's his fafety, follow W-lkes to France :
 France, which formerly thefe patriots curft,
 As of all Britain's enemies the worft :
 But could thofe curfes really be fincere,
 Or were they only trump'ry words of air ?
 Cou'd they be ill-affected to that ftate
 Which they now fly to, from their country's hate ?
 To pave the way, the peace no fooner came,
 Than mifs was carried to a Gaulick dame,
 To learn the principles of liberty,
 'Mongft Jacobites and popifh tyranny.

Has

Has not our rabble, by some grand mistake,
 Been hugging in their breasts a deadly snake?
 Go on, subscribe, contribute each your share,
 W-lkes to support, now under France's care:
 Proceed, thou worthy pious Hugonot,
 To wash this blackmoor white from ev'ry spot!
 Say, there's no law in Britain to chastise
 The caitiff who upbraids his prince with lies;
 Who calls the Saviour of the human race,
 The sp-ri-ous offspring of a l-wd embrace.

FORGIVENESS, Briton, you can ne'er expect,
 Who did the party's factious schemes detect;
 That, under the pretext of public weal,
 Their low and selfish views they did conceal;
 That measures, shocking measures! were the cant,
 But places, power, and pensions, what they meant:
 That P-tt no fixed principles e'er had,
 But veer'd about just as his interest led,

Opposed German leagues, and then was for 'em,
 Just as a place or no place lay before him ;
 That on a cabbage stalk he'd rather live,
 Than take a penny which a court could give ;
 That they who did were ministerial slaves,
 And justly deem'd the worst of hireling knaves ;
 That yet this patriot staunch his purpose brake,
 And stoop'd three thousand pounds a year to take.
 For writing thus you needed no excuse,
 For writing truth is writing no abuse.

But what's piacular, you glanc'd on W-lkes,
 Display'd his roguery, and expos'd his bilks ;
 Unkindly prov'd to all impartial minds,
 He nearly wrote as many lies as lines :
 That no vile art he shunn'd the mob t' impress
 With disaffection, and the state distress ;
 That truth and falsehood were with him the same,
 Alike accepted, as they serv'd his aim.

Thus

[II]

Thus you a crime would foolishly commit,
Which of atonement never can admit.
For who so on this worthy patriot falls,
May as well venture to burn down Saint Paul's.

AND then, how cou'd you dare to vindicate
The peace they rail at with so just a hate ?
Did you not know it must of course be bad,
As not being fram'd by their unerring head ?
If made by P-tt, the bells wou'd strait have rung,
And mayor and mob his matchless wisdom sung ;
The Mansion-house illumin'd wou'd have been,
Not with fish oil, but that of olives green :
No factious clamours in the street been heard,
Nor Bute with mud and city dirt besmear'd :
Burning North-Britons wou'd have caus'd no strife,
Nor Harley run the hazard of his life :
Although it's better in all points is clear,
Than THAT P-tt offered the preceding year ;

Yes better, tho' we ev'n keep in mind
 Our great successes after he resign'd.
 All this has been demonstratively shown,
 By proofs and facts which can't be overthrown ;
 These to resist shews either want of sense,
 Or prejudice, still worse than ignorance ;
 Therefore with such 'tis folly to contend,
 For rods, not reason, may such best amend :
 Like children, who thro' humour often chuse
 The piece that's worst, and what is best refuse ;
 Betty has now and then some sweet things said,
 And nought they'll take but from that fav'rite maid.

If Murphey this unlucky path had mist,
 Perhaps his comedies had not been hift ;
 But with Bute's peace he foolishly fell in,
 And that is his unpardonable sin.
 All that are Scottish must of course be spurn'd,
 Since ev'n a waiter's from the Cot'rie turn'd,

Nay

Nay Butcher-row pack'd off his maid with scorn,
 Because her sweet-heart was in Scotland born.
 I speak from knowledge, let none disbelieve,
 'Twas in the town where now I chance to live:
 The chopman, Clifton, won't the tale deny,
 He gave the orders while his wife stood by.

BUT who are these of each denomination,
 Who think they've wit enough to rule the nation?
 Or, what they want in wit is well supply'd
 By strong presumption, self-conceit, and pride?
 These are the men, a common-council nam'd,
 In London environs most justly fam'd
 For wisdom and affection to the king,
 Ready to set him right in every thing;
 To tell him of his faults (as hawkers know)
 Which is the greatest friendship man can show;
 Who after bills in parliament are past,
 With noise and hurry to their sov'reign haste,

D

To

To beg his royal assent he would refuse,
 And their superior judgment tamely use.
 Why this is truly constitutional,
 In men who for the constitution bawl;
 For what's the glorious sense of this in fact,
 But to intreat his majesty to act
 Against all rule, his parliament disgrace,
 And take this learned council in its place?

WHAT are these wasps we see with fury arm,
 Rush out in troops, and all the town alarm;
 To papers, pamphlets, fly with eagle speed,
 To screen and succour W-lkes, their darling head?
 These are apologists for blasphemy,
 And secret friends to infidelity.
 Among the foremost Ch--rch-ll trims his wing,
 Advances fiercely with his pointless sting,
 Fastens on Kidgell, doubly whets his dart,
 And, fraught with poison, aims it at his heart;

Back'd by some Non-con's of the name of Thrift,
 For W-lkes more zealous than they are for Christ ;
 By tribes of tradesmen, who were wont to stand
 Behind the till, with parcels in their hand ;
 Foggers, who threat'n that they'll slit his nose,
 Because W-lkes' blasphemies he did disclose ;
 For 'tis not he who writes that does blaspheme,
 But he who tells and publishes the same.
 At this plain sense may laugh, and justice too ;
 But who can say what a fit judge may do ?
 For verdicts sentences we've seen of late,
 Against all Revolution-rules of state.

BUT what's most base, beyond expression cruel,
 And thought or taught in none but Satan's school,
 A whole life Ch--rch-ll scans with Lynx's eye,
 To see what blemish there he can espy ;
 But if a blemish there he cannot find,
 Then one he feigns of the most heinous kind ;

He

He hints the man a Sodomite may be,
 Whose life before from ev'ry stain was free;
 A charge which none or ever dreamt or heard,
 'Till hatched in the Author it appear'd.
 Who's safe, if rascals may dare thus to act,
 And forg'ry be allow'd to pass for fact?
 The parson's case to-day may next be mine,
 And both, or worse, to-morrow may be thine.
 All men of honour therefore shou'd detest
 With proper feelings such a dang'rous pest.

No wonder, Kidgell, that he treats you so,
 Whoe'er's religion friend, finds him a foe.
 He scoffs at Christians with sarcastick jeer,
 And talks of grace with an affected sneer.
 This Lyttleton and West must both confess,
 And the dull dean, who chid him for his dress;
 Dull, truly learning, virtue, all is dull,
 Except the crotchets of this rhymers skull:

Wit,

Wit, sense, and spirit, obviously consist
 In cotton stockings, and embroider'd vest ;
 In buckskin breeches, dancing after plays,
 On cringing actors bawling cringing praise.
 The buck's a creature of the chastest kind,
 And a fit emblem of our poet's mind ;
 He therefore clothes his b--tt--cks with his skin,
 For buck without denotes the buck within.

BUT whence the source of infidelity,
 The bane of virtue and society ?
 Will ever he who honours God supreme,
 Admires his wisdom, and reveres his name,
 Assists the helpless, and supplies the poor,
 And succours worth in each distressful hour ;
 He, in whose bosom ev'ry virtue beats,
 Call Christ a liar, and his apostles cheats ?
 No, to the haunts repair where drunken mirth,
 Obscenity and rapes pollute this earth,

E

Where

Where revels, lewdness, perjuries hold their reign,
 And cruel oppressions all the mortal stain:
 Where reason's laid aside, religion spurn'd:
 And heav'n and hell beyond the grave are scorn'd:
 This rank and noisome soil explore with care,
 You'll find the hideous monster brooding there.
 It is a truth experience daily shows,
 That want of faith from want of morals flows.

HE who believes there is no future state,
 That God nor virtue loves, nor vice doth hate,
 That souls with bodies perish in the dust,
 With life or fortune I could never trust.
 Let upright men with me always reside,
 In whose fidelity I can confide,
 Who from an in-bred sense of good and ill,
 My house will never rob, my blood ne'er spill;
 The wretch who's void of conscience will not stand
 At any crime, when crimes can serve his end.

Liberty is the flag they now hang out,
 To lure and gull the thoughtless giddy rout;
 That they are of the truest English breed,
 Whereas the Scot was born beyond the Tweed;
 That in their veins the noblest blood does run
 In purest streams from father down to son;
 That they support the throne, and all the rest
 Are Jacobites, or Tories at the best.

How long will men by artful names be fool'd,
 And specious shew instead of reason rul'd,
 Both to their private and the public woe,
 For in the end they'll surely find it so?
 Private and public differ but in name,
 For in effect their interest is the same;
 The last once fallen, the other soon would fall,
 For 'tis the public which sustaineth all.
 Men once let loose from legal rule and sway,
 The bad upon the good would quickly prey;
 Ev'n now we find when wholesome laws restrain,
 We cannot always what's our own maintain:

False

False Cæsar took up civil arms we see,
 Under the sacred veil of liberty,
 But soon he prov'd himself a patriot knave,
 For court and country he did soon enslave:
 By such deceitful arts let none be catch'd,
 For by bad men, and for bad ends they're hatch'd.
 Why say, they're of their liberties afraid,
 For does our king one liberty invade?
 And why in others that condemn as sin,
 For many a Tory they themselves took in,
 And thrust out Whigs, because they would not crawl
 Beneath their rod, and let them govern all?
 Who were the ministers? but hush, my muse,
 That first brought gen'ral warrants into use;
 And those again, who, while they were in place,
 Wink'd at them with a hypocritic face?
 Were they not foggers, whom you must not name,
 Who now in open court condemn the same?
 Has P----t, a judge so eminent and true,
 Never been faithful to his king till now?

Nor

Nor told him that such warrants were unjust,
 Though to advise him he was once in trust.
 To Whig or Tory they did ne'er attend,
 But as the name serv'd to promote their end.
 If Bute would have permitted them to rule,
 We never shou'd have heard, " Lord Bute's a fool ;"
 But for the freedom of the king and state
 Bute stood, and that's the cause of all their hate.

BUT Ch-r-ll here is not engag'd alone,
 He has the aid of many a mighty drone ;
 Johns, Independent Whigs, True Englishman,
 All furious to promote the faction's plan;
 Who, tir'd of labour, want to have a place,
 Or for being ~~l~~ pert have fall'n into disgrace :
 Or smit with envious pique against the Scot,
 And proud of self, claim all as their just lot.
 Great tribunes of the people, not worth while,
 Vain dreamers, fit to make the waking smile.

Veritas, Damoni, many a score,
 The press ne'er groan'd beneath such stuff before.
 John Bulls, and Anti-Butes, a num'rous fry,
 Whom therefore I of choice and course pass by ;
 Who, spite of reason, and in justice spite,
 Thro' pride and passion still pretend to write ;
 To answer they have oft been call'd by name,
 But all in vain, for answer never came ;
 Who long ago by argument struck mute,
 Still rail at those whom they could not confute.
 So curs bark often at the moon's fair face,
 But fearless she looks on, and keeps her place,
 And for them neither mends nor slack's her pace.

BUT who is this that chiefly strikes our view ?
 For such a pen the *World* can hardly shew !
 Malignity discolours ev'ry part,
 His ink not blacker is than is his heart :
 There gall and rancor in full tides do flow,
 And both at once the clown and villain show.

He talks of conscience, making truth his care ;
 May whom I love ne'er have so small a share !
 In fight of God or man none are so base
 As hypocrites, who wear a double face.
 This is the *Contrast*, rightly understood,
 For he a contrast seems to all that's good.
 Fair argument with pleasure shou'd be heard,
 And reason's dictates solemnly rever'd ;
 But these are not the weapons he employs;
 No ; fury, foam, scurrility, and noise :
 Of low-liv'd scandal one continu'd run,
 By raging disappointment coarsely spun.
 Does this the man, does this the christian show,
 To curse all north the Tweed both high and low,
 The thousandth part of whom he does not know ?
 They who are acted by so base a mind,
 Are truly the disgrace of human kind ;
 Mine be the spirit which is nobly warm'd
 To bless the meanest mortal God has form'd,

To

To treat the English as our fellow-men,
And strive to do them all the good we can.

BRUTUS has a genius rare and bright,
For what? the art of turning day to night ;
For burying Whig corruptions in the grave,
And smothering all the bribes they ever gave.
For thirty years was one election made,
For which the treasury had not partly paid ;
He's mute as to the perj'ries of those times,
For perjuries with them were held no crimes.
But hence, if I the matter understand,
The floods of vice which now o'erwhelm the land :
For conscience once broke thro', no ties remain,
Which from the foulest deeds can men restrain.
I speak not thus the cause itself t'upbraid,
For of this creed, as best, I choice have made ;
But such vile practices disgrace a cause,
Being cross to Britain's, nay to Heaven's laws.

Of

Of all the ministers which plague this earth,
 Away with those who to such crimes give birth ;
 They mar the very end of government,
 And snap the bands which form its true cement.
 Vict'ries and conquests are of small avail,
 While in our bowels such canker-worms prevail ;
 But how much worse when these are wanting too !
 As was the case not seven years ago :
 The terms of Aix demonstrably declare
 That they had heads for neither peace nor war.

Good Brutus knows a story how to weave,
 Which all, but men of common sense, believe ;
 That Romish Charles, mask'd with the name of Browne,
 Came here to see our king put on his crown ;
 And being ask'd how thus he durst appear,
 Poh! says he, in this reign I've nought to fear ;
 The present minister will stand my friend,
 And as his own his cousin's life defend ;

G

I now

I now can walk as safe o'er all the town
As any bishop in his hallow'd gown.

FALSE Whigs! why did not you the culprit seize,
And put him in the court of C—m—n pleas?
For there you might be sure your cause to gain,
Where Pr—t and W-lkes our Liberties maintain.
Besides, a præmium on his head is set
Of thirty thousand pounds quite clear and net;
Strange, Brutus, that of THIS you should fall short,
Who storm so warmly for a place at court.

HEARTS swoln with poison, will you never rest,
To foolish heads such whimsies to suggest?
Are those the things which Whigs to Bute oppose?
To tell them only, does a man expose!
Poor is the cause which needs supports like these!
Contemptible the noodles whom they please!
'To D--v--nsh--re these letters are address,
But can his grace such rubbish e'er digest?
The Roman Brutus fav'd the Roman state,
But to save one will scarce be this man's fate;

Though

Though he, like Puff, whose conduct blaz'ning needs,
Takes a great name to hide his little deeds.

No man can think that MASSIE is a fool,
Yet none is more the butt of ridicule ;
Massie, that oracle of government,
Has in twelve letters told the parliament,
That folks for cyder-tax will run away
To Scotland, and live there on curds and whey,
And thus the English interest may betray :
That one may eat fifteen times cheaper there
At least, than he can possibly do here ;
For there they're taxed less than Englishmen
Fifteen times clear——believe it if you can.
From fact well known it fully does appear
That things sell there for much the same as here.
Be pleased therefore, sir, to change your plan,
For fallacy's beneath an honest man.

LIES through the whole account I could point out,
 But what avails it with a factious rout?
 So to the point, let it suffice to say,
 That Scotchmen both for beer and cyder pay.
 Pay (and why more) what was at first agreed,
 Nay, what the laws have ever since decreed :
 Exempt from all of which they might have been,
 If Union treaty they had never seen.
 Of dire EXCISE the Scots before were free,
 But now they wear this badge of misery,
 For so 'tis call'd by our grand Coterie.
 Of nations clear of debt they then were one,
 But under many millions now they groan.*
 Nay even of parsons then they had the choice,
 Now, English-like, in this they have no voice :
 Oblig'd to take whoe'er the patrons send,
 Who think of nothing but to serve their friend ;

* Their publick debt was but a trifle.

No matter whether he is gay or grave,
 The people's told, this parson they must have.
 Happy Scotchmen, who have thus acquir'd
 Those favours which like fools you ne'er desir'd,
 Till with the English join'd by Union tie,
 You tasted of the sweets of Liberty.
 You never knew before what freedom meant,
 Till by these allies it was northward sent.
 See, then, you thank them for it, and confess,
 That to them you owe all your happiness.
 For debts, imposed parsons, and Excise,
 Are blessings which a Nation ought to prize!
 Say not for southern broils you've largely paid
 In fresh-laid taxes, and the blood you've shed,
 That if you view how much by both you've lost,
 Perhaps your profit will not pay your cost,
 Especially if you no place must have,
 As is the cry of every factious knave.
 All this is false, pray therefore silence keep,
 For they have sown, and you the harvest reap.

H

Yes,

Yes, you've been born in an unlucky hour
 To strip the English of their wealth and power ;
 You left them nothing by your shameful peace,
 And will you also take their golden fleece ? *

WELL, England's loss I tenderly deplore,
 For W-lkes and Liberty are now no more ;
 Those gems which once adorn'd this happy isle,
 Are fled, and with them every joyous smile.
 Hideous tyranny with iron-hand
 Is now stalk'd forth, and ravaging the land,
 Roars over ev'ry county, ev'ry town,
 No citizen can call his shop his own.
 Taxes on windows, and excise on beer,
 Are double what they were when W-lkes was here.

* Mr Massie takes a peculiar pleasure in calling the woollen manufactures by the name of the English golden-fleece, which he thinks is in danger of being transferr'd to Scotland on the account of the tax laid on cyder. Shrewd indeed !

The fields, which wore before a chearful bloom,
Now sicken and put on a dying gloom.
Our places of devotion are shut up,
Where now no pray'rs to Heaven are put up ;
For W-lkes, that bulwark of the Christian Faith,
Is forc'd to France to shun untimely death.

SUBMIT, ye English! hear the great decree!
That subject to the Scots you must needs be :
For they into your pelf and stores must come,
And take your country as their native home ;
Their defarts bleak and land of famine change,
Thro' your rich plains and towns at large to range.
All this your prophet Churchill did predict,
And sure this prophet you'll ne'er contradict ! *
Quietly therefore yield, go where you please,
To Florida, across th' Atlantic seas,

* Prophet of the deepest foresight deem'd,
And for his sanctity still more esteem'd.

To Mississipp, Scotch-like Canada,
 To St. Tobago, or sweet Granada.
 Where'er our conquests are of most repute,
 Provided for you by the great lord Bute.
 In this affair let there be no debate,
 Presume not to resist the will of fate.

THE heavy M--n--tor brings up the rear,
 Who changes shape and colour every year.
 With him in fifty, H--lles was a fool,
 Now wise, since he became sedition's tool.
 With him, in fifty, H--rd--wicke was a rogue,
 But late a patriot in the highest vogue.
 In fifty too, a whig was call'd a knave,
 But now true Englishman and Roman brave.
 We've had two kings in this old scribbler's time,
 Sprung from the Brunswick family and line,
 And with their foes he constantly did chime.
 Whatever happen'd he resolv'd to bawl
 Against the court, except when P--t rul'd all.

With

With him like empty shades he went and came,
 And made it all his trade to blaze his fame.
 When P-t did guide, then what was false was true,
 But when he chang'd, these chang'd their natures too.
 Yet here's the man who cries, The constitution,
 The Brunswick family, and Revolution,
 Are all in danger of a dissolution. }
 Arthur is known in London at first sight,
 The pillory hints that there's a — Jacobite,
 That masks of friendship he does only show,
 The better all these three to overthrow.
 But thro' the whole, like most of patriot wights,
 Lies are the instruments with which he fights.

IF Scottish rights t' annul they thus design,
 Their rights but with their lives they can't resign;
 Rights, by law and solemn Union sworn;
 To violate therefore these cannot be borne,
 And but to try it, honest men would scorn. }

Why justice, law, and constitution bawl ?
 Since as to Scotland they would break them all ;
 Or why the Scots, as rebels, pertly chide ?
 'Twere wiser for you your own guilt to hide.
 Did e'er rebellion tear this happy land,
 In which the English did not foremost stand ?
 Let Charles, that English martyr, rise and tell
 By whose blood-thirsty hands it was he fell :
 The treason of fifteen we all can plead
 From English councils chiefly did proceed ;
 And that in forty-five they had their share,
 Both Kennington and Temple-bar declare.
 But it is better from such scenes to cease,
 For both being guilty, both should hold their peace.

I MEAN not English bravery to dispute,
 For that has always been in good repute ;
 Yet battles would have oft been at a stand,
 If Scotsmen had not lent an helping hand ;

Culloden

Culloden field, in which you so parade,
 Was not obtain'd without the Scottish aid.
 What are we therefore to account of those,
 Who to divide them by base arts propose,
 But that, whate'er they say, they're Britain's foes.

To tender good advice I'm not ashamed,
 For to reform, all satire should be aimed;
 Not rancor, spleen, and foul revenge to wreak,
 Which none but low-born souls will ever seek.
 Let subjects have their right, the king his due,
 The only scheme which can our peace renew.
 Let pride and avarice be laid aside,
 And then of course sedition will subside.
 Of state concerns let those assume the care,
 Who most of wisdom, most of virtue, share;
 No matter for the country whence they came,
 For south or north is but an empty name;
 Which all would blush to use, except the wretch,
 Who, for a place, aid even from hell would fetch.

Who,

But such, although his aim he should attain,
 Would still continue to be truly mean;
 Against him ev'ry gen'rous heart must burn,
 And with a noble indignation scorn.
 Such arts proclaim the rascal, and impart
 A clear conviction of a wicked heart:
 For here the understanding can't mislead,
 The truth is obvious to the dullest head;
 To pardon ev'ry idiot has a claim;
 But rogues should suffer their deserved shame.

F I N I S.